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THE BEQUEST OF
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CLASS OF 1882
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1918



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IN

FRIENDSHIP'S

NAME

IN

FRIENDSHIP'S

NAME

Uniform with this Volume
WHAT MAKES A FRIEND?

Phil 9220 . 5 . 6

IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME

COMPILED BY
VOLNEY STREAMER

KIND friends, your loves
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.

—*Shakspeare.*

BRENTANO'S
NEW YORK
1899

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• TO
MY FRIEND

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight :
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

—*Shakspeare.*

IN the garden of our affections there are certain loyal natures that continue faithful through all things; as in the kingdom of vegetation there are certain finely organized and sensitive growths of flower and vine, which are so susceptible to warmth, and light, and beauty, that they do nothing all their lives but look at the sun. In the russet dawn, with a sublime faith, they watch the East for his coming. Turning on their slender stems all day long, they follow him as he makes the circuit of the sky; and at nightfall, after he has sunk from sight, we behold again these flowers, their faces westward now, with the dewdrops shining on their petals, like tears gathered in the eyes of parted friendship.

—*John McLandburgh.*

REACH your hand to me, my friend,
With its heartiest caress—
Sometime there will come an end
To its present faithfulness—
Sometime I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

* * * * *

O the present is too sweet
To go on forever thus !
Round the corner of the street
Who can say what waits for us?—
Meeting—greeting, night and day,
Faring each the self-same way—
Still somewhere the path must end,—
Reach your hand to me, my friend !


—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

I THINK when people have forgotten that each other exist, it is as though they had never met. They are perhaps something more distant still than strangers, for, to strangers, friendship in the future is possible ; but those who have been separated by oblivion on the one hand and by contempt on the other are parted as surely and eternally as though death had divided them.

—*Ouida.*

LOVE is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

—*Shakspeare.*

UST as in Love's records, there are many cases of one-sided passion, so in friendship you frequently see one person who makes all the professions or demonstrations, while the other person is either passive or actually bored.

—*Unknown.*

“WHAT is the secret of your life?” asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; “tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too.” He replied, “*I had a friend.*”

FRIENDSHIP is love without either flowers or veil.

—*J. C. Hare.*




ELL me, gentle traveler, who
hast wandered through the
world, and seen the sweetest roses
blow, and brightest gliding rivers, of
all thine eyes have seen, which is the
fairest land? "Child, shall I tell thee
where nature is most blest and fair?
It is where those we love abide.
Though that space be small, ample is
it above kingdoms; though it be a
desert, through it runs the river of
Paradise, and there are the enchanted
bowers."

—*Unknown.*

O TRAVELER, who hast wandered far
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are?
Friend, underneath whatever skies
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of Paradise.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

LD books, old wine, old nankin blue—
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong,
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best.
—*Austin Dobson.*

A TRUE friend is distinguished in
the crisis of hazard and neces-
sity, when the gallantry of his aid
may show the worth of his soul, and
the loyalty of his heart.
—*Ennius.*

FOR, believe me, in this world, which
is ever slipping from under our
feet, it is the prerogative of friend-
ship to grow old with one's friend.
—*Arthur S. Hardy.*

SOME sing their songs of woman's love,
Of war, and wine, and treasure trove ;
May heaven their ways amend !
But one thing most of all on earth
Will serve us best in grief or mirth,
A talisman of priceless worth,
A loyal friend.

—*Harold Boulton.*

My coat and I live comfortably together. It has assumed all my wrinkles, does not hurt me anywhere, has moulded itself on my deformities, and is complacent to all my movements, and I only feel its presence because it keeps me warm. Old coats and all friends are the same thing.

—*Victor Hugo.*



HH, friendship, stronger in thy might
Than time and space, as faith than sight !
Rich festival with thy red wine
My friend and I will keep, in courts divine.
—Helen Jackson.

ONE whom I knew intimately,
and whose memory I revere,
once in my hearing remarked that,
“unless we love people we cannot
understand them.” This was a new
light to me.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

UNDER the magnetism of friend-
ship the modest man becomes
bold; the shy, confident; the lazy,
active; or the impetuous, prudent
and peaceful.
—Thackeray.

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

SHE gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore ;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank ; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew ;
Behold ! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set ; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past,
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

I ENTERED, upon a day, at the house of my friend to give him greeting. Then I saw that in the face of my friend there was a change, and that he did not look upon me with the same eyes as heretofore. "There is a change," I said. "There is no change," he replied.

So I gave him messages then, and greetings of gladness, and told him new things, and called him by an old name, and I staid with him, and we spoke together; but, nevertheless, I saw that a change had come over him. So I said, "My friend, there is a change come over thee."

And he said, "Nay, no change." So we conversed together again; and the hour came for departure. Then my friend bade me stay, but I saw that even in his bidding there was a change. So I said to him, "There is a change, which thou canst not deny.

Wherefore

Wherefore art thou changed?" And my friend said to me, "Farewell!" So I departed and left him.

But my heart within me cried out against that estrangement; and my soul was broken daily, so that I could not live.

Therefore again upon a day I entered the house of him who was my friend, that I might upbraid him; and my friend moving toward me, I cried out against him as he came, "Wherefore art thou estranged from me?" But my friend, heeding me not at all, said, "Wherefore hast thou delayed so long?"

And I looked upon his face, and he was exceeding bitter sorrowful.

Then was I wroth within my mind, and knew not which way to turn. For I saw that the change that had been was in my own soul.

—*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.*

SHIPS that pass in the night, and
speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shewn, and a distant voice
in the darkness ;
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak
one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness
again and a silence.

—*Longfellow.*

I EXPECT to pass through this world
but once ; if, therefore, there be
any kindness I can show, or any good
thing I can do, let me do it *now*, for
I shall not pass this way again.

—*Unknown.*

I COUNT myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.

—*Shakspeare.*

WHEN ships meet at sea,—a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep,—so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if he needs, giving him supplies.

—*H. W. Beecher.*

AND the finest fellow of all would be the one who could be glad to have lived because the world was chiefly miserable, and his life had come to help some one who needed it.

—*George Eliot.*

IN poverty and other misfortunes of life, true friends are a sure refuge.—The young they keep out of mischief; to the old they are a comfort and aid in their weakness, and those in the prime of life they incite to noble deeds.


—*Aristotle.*

WE take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that we shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?

—*Emerson.*

FRIENDSHIP is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.

—*Cicero.*


 HERE is that in our characters which never can be seen except in our writings; in fact, if you told your best friend half of what you put upon paper, he would yawn in your face or he would think you a fool.

—*Edward Bulwer.*

THE man that knows,
Receiving good, to render good again,
Would be a friend worth more than land or goods.
—*Sophocles.*

SOME people keep a friend as children have a toy bank, into which they drop little coins now and again; and some day they draw out the whole of their savings at once.

—*Unknown.*

 RIEF knits two hearts in closer
bonds than happiness ever
can ; and common sufferings are far
stronger links than common joys.

—*Lamartine.*

W^{HEN} true friends meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower ;
A watery ray an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

W^{HAT} need we have any friends, if
we should ne'er have need of
'em? they were the most needless
creatures living, should we ne'er have
use for 'em, and would most resemble
sweet instruments hung up in cases
that keep their sounds to themselves.


—*Shakspeare.*

SMALL fellowship of daily commonplace
We hold together, dear, constrained to go
Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;
And if we meet but for a moment's space,
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.
Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink low,
Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.
Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves
To part us. Every hush of evening brings
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine;
And as the farther planet thrills and swerves
When toward it through the darkness Saturn swings,
Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.
—Ellen Burroughs.

WHAT do we live for if it is not to
make life less difficult to each
other?

—George Eliot.

•

ULTIVATE, kindly reader,
those friendships of your
youth; it is only in that generous
time that they are formed. How
different the intimacies of after days
are, and how much weaker the grasp
of your own hand after it has been
shaken in twenty years' commerce
with the world, and has squeezed and
dropped a thousand equally careless
palms. As you can seldom fashion
your tongue to speak a new language
after twenty, the heart refuses to re-
ceive friendships pretty soon; it gets
too hard to yield to the impression.

—*Thackeray.*

A^H, how good it feels,
The hand of an old friend !

—*Longfellow.*

FRIENDS! I have but one, and
he, I hear, is not in town;
nay, can have but one friend, for a
true heart admits of but one friend-
ship as of one love. But in having
that friend I have a thousand.

—*Wycherly.*

HE who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere.

—*Omar Khayyam.*

IN all misfortunes the greatest con-
solation is a sympathizing friend.

—*Cervantes.*

THE ring of coin is often the knell
of friendship.

—*Unknown.*

NEW friends can never take the same place in our lives as the old. The former may be better liked for the time, their society may have even more attraction, but in a way they are strangers. If through change of circumstances they go out of our lives, they go out of it altogether. These latter day friendships have no root, as it were. Their growth is like Jonah's gourd—overshadowing, perhaps, and expansive, but all on the surface; whereas, an old friend remains a friend forever. Although separated for an indefinite period and not seen for years, if a chance happening brings old comrades together they resume the old relations in the most natural manner, and take up the former lines as easily as if there had been no break or interruption of the intimate intercourse of auld lang syne.

—*Unknown.*

FORSAKE not an old friend;
for the new is not comparable
to him : a new friend is as new wine ;
when it is old thou shalt drink it
with pleasure.

—*Proverbs.*

THE new is older than the old ;
And newest friend is oldest friend in this,
That, waiting him we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought.

—*Helen Jackson.*

WHO seeks a faultless friend, rests
friendless.
A true friend is better than a relation.
—*Turkish Proverbs.*

AN old friend deserves attention.
—*Schiller.*

WE can never wish for too much happiness for our friends, for it happens that some of it is always spilled before it reaches them.

—*Unknown.*

DEAR to me is the friend, yet I can also make use of an enemy ;
The friend shows me what I can do,
the foe teaches me what I should.

—*Schiller.*

I THINK the great strength of friendship consists more in liking the same things than in liking each other.

—*Henry W. Shaw.*

CURSED be the useless heap of hoarded gold !
My stores my friend must share.

—*Pindar.*



HERE is nothing so great that
I fear to do for my friend, nor
nothing so small that I will disdain
to do for him.

—*Philip Sidney.*


THE years between

Have taught me some sweet, some bitter lessons; none
Wiser than this—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends be most miserly.

—*Lowell.*

How few are there born with souls
capable of friendship! Then how
much fewer must there be capable of
love, for love includes friendship and
much more besides!

—*Henrietta Howard.*

 SWEETER than the honey well,
Deep in the sweetest rose of June,
And all sweet things the tongue can tell
On clover-scented afternoon,
Is friendship that has lived for years
Through fortune, failure, and through tears.

Though he who wears it sacredly
Be swarted like the rafters are
That shelter him, eternity
May hold few jewels half so rare !
And God will find for such a friend
Some sweeter slumber in the end.
—Allan Botsford.

MANY of us have a variety of companions ; but how few, through their whole lives, ever meet with a friend !

—Unknown.

HAD he been happy and faultless, I would not have loved him as I did. There is a degree of pity in all our friendships. Misfortune has an attraction for certain souls. The cement of our hearts is mixed with tears, and nearly all our deep affections have their beginning in some sorrowful emotion.


—*Lamartine.*

THE firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

—*Caleb C. Colton.*

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

—*St. John.*

HE earth to the songs of the poet
Resounds in a deathless tune,
Though hearts be upon or below it—
Though the Winter be here or the June.
Of the numberless songs that are ringing,
Let the cadence of one song flow
For the Aprils fled and the living and dead—
The friends of the Long Ago.
—*Will T. Hale.*

THE heart that friendship truly warms,
Then marches on with double shield
To guard it through the warring storms
Of struggling life's great battlefield.
—*Henry Boynton.*

THE friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

—*Shakspeare.*

HE who would enjoy many friends,
and live happy in this world,
should be deaf, dumb, and blind to
the follies and vices of it.

—*Edward Moore.*

MEN only become friends by a
community of pleasures. He
who cannot be softened into gayety,
cannot be easily melted into kindness.

—*Johnson.*

SOME people were talking with Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendship. "Yes," said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

FIRST on thy friend deliberate with thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in thy choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
—*Edward Young.*

LET friendship creep gently to a
height ; if it rush to it, it may
soon run itself out of breath.
—*Thomas Fuller.*

WE ought never to contract
friendship but with a degree
of folly which we can deceive, for I
hope my friends will pardon me when
I declare I know none of them with-
out a fault, and I should be sorry if
I could imagine I had any friend who
could not see mine. Forgiveness of
this kind we give and demand in
turn. It is an exercise of friendship,
and perhaps none of the least
pleasant.

—*Fielding.*

HIS gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself a judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

—*Tennyson.*

SUCH is friendship, that through
it we love places and seasons;
for as bright bodies emit rays to a
distance; and flowers drop their sweet
leaves on the ground around them,
so friends impart favor even to the
places where they dwell. With
friends even poverty is pleasant.
Words cannot express the joy which
a friend imparts; they only can know
who have experienced. A friend is
dearer than the light of heaven, for
it would be better for us that the sun
were extinguished than that we
should be without friends.

—*St. Chrysostom.*

AND friendship's rainbow-promise fair,
Of hope and faith-crowned ties,
Doth find too soon that everywhere
A touch of discord lies.

—*Edward Freiberger.*

FRIENDSHIP is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they be fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.

—*Walter S. Landor.*

THE unfinished friendships of this life are at once its dreariest experiences, and most glorious hopes.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

ABOVE our life we love a steadfast friend.

—*Marlowe.*

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs.
The world uncertain comes and goes ;
The lover rooted, stays.
I fancied he was fled—
And after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red ;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair ;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

—*Emerson.*

YOUTH is the season of friendships when we are prodigal with our affections, and thus it happens that of all those bonds so thoughtlessly formed some endure. It is an instinct of the heart that provides a store for the winter.


—*Arthur S. Hardy.*

M^{EN} may prove and use their friends, and not presume upon their friendship in things contrary to the decrees of heaven.

—*Cervantes.*

D^{IE} Goetter verlassen den der seinen Freund verlaesst.

—*Klopstock.*

 HIS is one reason why the making of new friends is so much easier in youth than later on. Friendship comes to youth seemingly without any conditions, and without any fears. There is no past to look back at, with much regret and some sorrow. We never look behind us, *till we miss something*. Youth is satisfied with the joy of present possession. To the young friendship comes as the glory of spring, a very miracle of beauty, a mystery of birth ; to the old it has the bloom of autumn, beautiful still, but with the beauty of decay. To the young it is chiefly hope ; to the old it is mostly memory. The man who is conscious that he has lost the best of his days, the best of his powers, the best of his friends, naturally lives a good deal in the past.

—*Hugh Black.*

FRIENDSHIP often ends in
love, but love in friendship—
Never.


—*Caleb C. Colton.*

STILL, Love a summer sunrise shines,
So rich its clouds are hung,
So sweet its songs are sung.
And Friendship's but broad, common day,
With light enough to show
Where fruit with brambles grow ;
With warmth enough to feed
The grain of daily need.

—*Unknown.*

HOWEVER rare true love is, true
friendship is rarer.

—*Roche foucauld.*

 **HAT** friendship deepest is which is heard
Least, which chariest is of spoken word.
Consider, therefore, these few lines unsaid,
And silence, Sphinx-like, brooding here instead.
—*W. H. A.*

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least
noise is very often the most
useful, for which reason I should
prefer a prudent friend to a zealous
one.

—*Addison.*

A TRUE friend unbosoms freely,
advises justly, assists readily,
adventures boldly, takes all patiently,
defends courageously, and continues
a friend unchangeably.

—*Unknown.*

ASLEEP, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

THE comfort of having a friend may
be taken away, but not that of
having had one.

—*Seneca.*

WE call that person who has lost his father, an orphan ; and a widower, that man who has lost his wife. And that man who has known the immense unhappiness of losing his friend, by what name do we call him ? Here every human language holds its peace in impotence.


—*Joseph Roux.*

DER Mensch hat Nichts so Eigen,
Nichts steht so wohl ihm an,
Als dass er Treu' erzeigen
Und Freundschaft halten kann.

—*Simon Dach.*

THE parting of friends united by sympathetic tastes, is always painful; and friends, unless their sympathy subsist, had much better never meet.

—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

 HE most powerful and the most lasting friendships are usually those of the early season of our lives, when we are most susceptible of warm and affectionate impressions. The connections into which we enter in any after-period decrease in strength as our passions abate in heat ; and there is not, I believe, a single instance of a vigorous friendship that ever struck root in a bosom chilled by years.

—*Fitzosborne.*

I F the friendships of the good be interrupted, their minds admit of no long change ; as when the stalks of a lotus are broken the filaments within them are more visably cemented.

—*Hitopadesa.*

MAY fortune bless you ! May the middle distance
Of your young life be pleasant as the foreground—
The joyous foreground ! And when you have reached it,
May that which is now the far off horizon,
But which will then become the middle distance,
In fruitful promise be exceeded only
By that which will have opened in the meantime
Into a new and glorious horizon !

—*W. S. Gilbert*

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend !
No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end ;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.

—*Robert Burns.*

IAINALL.—O the pious friendships of the female sex !

MRS. MARWOOD.—More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

—*Congreve.*

IF you have derived your ideas on the subject from books only, it is possible that you have not the faintest conception what a good, honest, and substantial thing a young woman's friendship really is.

—*Blanche W. Howard.*

I AM of Béranger's opinion, "That the ideal woman should be neither mistress nor slave, but friend."

—*George Sand.*

SWEET is the memory of
distant friends. Like the
mellow rays of the declining sun, it
falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart.

—*Washington Irving.*

LOVE is a sudden blaze, which soon decays ;
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays ;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame ;
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

—*Gay.*

ALTHOUGH a friend may remain
faithful in misfortune, yet none
but the very best and loftiest will
remain faithful to us after our errors
and our sins.

—*F. W. Farrar.*

I HAVE heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.

—*Shakspeare.*



CHOOSE your friend wisely,
Test your friend well ;
True friends, like rarest gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, summer him,
Know your friend well.

—*Unknown.*

TAKE heed of thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defense ; and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable.

—*Proverbs.*

THE youth of friendship is better than its old age.

—*Hazlitt.*

BE on such good terms with your friend as if you knew that he may one day become your enemy.
—*Unknown.*

IN life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.
—*Edward Bulwer.*

THAT is just the way in this world ; an enemy can partly ruin a man, but it takes a good-natured injudicious friend to complete the thing and make it perfect.
—*Samuel L. Clemens.*

HE that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power, or energy.
—*Lavater.*

BY friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THERE'S virtue in thy friendship
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

—*Otway.*

IT is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old.

—*George Eliot.*



HE things are few
I would not do
In friendship's name.

Not even love
Should rank above
True Friendship's name.
—*W. S. Gilbert.*

WE are the weakest of spendthrifts
if we let one friend drop off
through inattention, or let one push
away another, or if we hold aloof
from one for petty jealousy, or heed-
less roughness. Would you throw
away a diamond because it pricked
you? One good friend is not to be
weighed against all the jewels of the
earth.

—*Unknown.*



IT is the fate of most men who
mingle with the world, and
attain even the prime of life, to
make many real friends.

* * * * *

How can we tell what coming
people are aboard the ships that may
be sailing to us now from the un-
known seas ?

—*Charles Dickens.*

How often, when life's summer day
Is waning, and its sun descends ;
Wisdom drives laughing wit away,
And lovers shrivel into friends.

—*Walter S. Landor.*

PERHAPS the most delightful friend-
ships are those in which there is
much agreement, much disputation,
and yet more personal liking.

—*George Eliot.*

A FRIEND whom you have been
gaining during your whole life,
you ought not to be displeased with
in a moment. A stone is many years
becoming a ruby ; take care that you
do not destroy it in an instant
against another stone.

—*Saadi.*

TWO people cannot strike hands
together unless with a feeling of
disagreeable resolve, and not gain
something ; perhaps the most treas-
ured influence of their lives.

—*Unknown.*

IF you have a friend and you love him well,
Let my advice on your friendship glimmer—
Print all his faults in "*Nonpareil*,"

But publish his virtues in big "LONG PRIMER."

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow ;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead ?

—*Unknown.*

WHEN you make a new friend,
think of the future enemy who
is already in him.

—*Schopenhauer.*

SOME of the firmest friendships have
been contracted between persons
of different dispositions, the mind
being often pleased with those perfec-
tions which are new to it, and which
it does not find among its own
accomplishments.

—*Budgell.*

WE are all travelers that throng
A thorny road together,
And if some pilgrim not so strong,
As I, but footsore, do me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the way is long,
And stormy is the weather.

—*Fitz Hugh Ludlow.*

'TIS as hard to be a good fellow, a
good friend, and a lover of
women, as 'tis to be a good fellow,
and a good friend, and a lover of
money.

—*Wycherly.*

I T is not by attending to our friends
in our way, but in *theirs* that we
can really avail them.

—*Margaret Fuller.*

THE ruins of old friendships are a more melancholy spectacle to me than those of desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart that was once lighted up with joy all damp and deserted, and haunted by those birds of ill-omen that only nestle in ruins.

—*Campbell.*

ONE reason why friendships are so transient, is because we so often mistake a companion for a friend.

—*Henry W. Shaw.*

A FRIEND cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

—*Theophrastus.*

INTO life's bitter cup true friendship drops
Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall ;
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
Both stand together, or together fall.

—*Unknown.*

IF "every man has his price," as some
human appraiser has remarked,
so has friendship ; and in many cases
an enemy is only a friend returned
dishonored for want of funds to meet
him with.

—*H. C. Bunner.*

HE that hath gained a friend hath
given hostages to fortune.

—*Shakspeare.*

DOES friendship really go on to
be more pain than pleasure?
I doubt it, for even in its deepest
sorrows there is a joy which makes
ordinary pleasure a very poor, mean-
ingless affair.

—*Unknown.*

THE place where two friends first
met is sacred to them all through
their friendship, all the more sacred
as their friendship deepens and grows
old.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

TRUE happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice.

—*Ben Jonson.*

I COULD not live without the love of
my friends.

—*John Keats.*

FRIENDS ever are provisionally friends—
Friends for so far—Friends just to such a point,
And then “farewell!” friends with an understanding—
As “should the road be pretty safe”—“the sea
Not over rough,” and so on—friends of *ifs*
And *buts*—no friends!—Oh, could I find the man
Would be a simple, thorough-going friend!
—*J. S. Knowles.*

THE holy passion of Friendship is
of so sweet and steady and loyal
and enduring a nature that it will last
through a whole lifetime, if not asked
to lend money.
—*Samuel L. Clemens.*

IF I had the inclination and ability
to do the cruelest thing upon
earth to the man I hated, I would
lay him under the necessity of
borrowing money of a friend.
—*Edward Moore.*



FOR YOU ALONE.

71 POET might sing you his sweetest of songs,
But this must the poet have known :
Of the heart whose love to you only belongs,
Whose strength would be spent to save you from wrongs,
Of a soul knit to yours with the mightiest thongs,
And sing them for *you* alone !

An artist might paint you a picture fair
That would equal the greatest known ;
But the heart of a friend, to do and to dare,
To save you from sorrow, and trial, and care,
Is something an artist, paint he ever so rare,
Has never on canvas shown !

With wealth one could buy poet, artist, and all,
And yours might be treasures unknown ;
But the love of a friend, ah ! who can recall
Such a priceless gift in their lives let fall
As a true, faithful heart ? I would such an one thrall
And keep it for *you* alone !

—*Volney Streamer.*

WE were friends from the first moment. Sincere attachments usually begin at the beginning.
—*Joseph Jefferson.*









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